

The Quill

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS

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PICTURE ON THE WIRE! • By Gideon Seymour

VOLUME XXIV

JANUARY, 1936

NUMBER 1

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AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

HERE it is a New Year and THE QUILL greets you in a new cover and type dress—also with an array of articles that we believe you will find chuck full of interest.

We start off with George Fort Milton's thought-provoking remarks on the function of the press today and tomorrow; Harold Gray's intimate account of the way in which he leads "Little Orphan Annie" through her adventures; Peter Kihss' biographical sketch of and interview with Raymond Clapper, Washington correspondent and columnist; Philip Kinsley's truly remarkable article on the education of a reporter during 30 years of assignments, and Gideon Seymour's interesting summary of the first year of Wirephoto service.

GETTING back to THE QUILL's new cover, type dress and other changes (which we hope you will like) we'd like to ask Wallace F. Hainline, art director of the Meredith Publishing Co. to take a bow. He's the man who designed the cover and made the other suggestions and recommendations that were followed in giving THE QUILL its 1936 garb.



Wallace F. Hainline

Wally was drafted, coerced, inveigled or persuaded to take up the job—on top of his work of art director for *Better Homes & Gardens*, with its circulation of 1,400,000 and *Successful*

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Headlines to Harmony

By GEORGE FORT MILTON

Editor, the Chattanooga News

THREE are almost as many newspaper attitudes to common public problems as there are newspaper publishers. This lack of a common axis of attitude makes it all the more important for leaders of the press to consider together their proper role in the improvement of intergroup relations. Particularly is this so because I suspect that the newspaper probably can do as much to lay the foundations for good will between groups as can any other single lay agency.

The type of relations that exist between individuals or classes or groups, whether the stratifications be vertical, horizontal or mixed, depends largely upon the social efficiency of the educative process. And of our educational agents, perhaps the press is the most continuous, the most pervasive and the most effective in forming the pattern of the public thought and mood.

I do not mean, of course, education in its sense of formal schooling, a process to which the young are generally exposed in vain. To be effective, education must be continuous, and the most essential sector is that of adult years. Professional educators recog-

nize this more and more, through the establishment of formal extension schools, forums, institutes and other devices for persuading adults to think occasionally about the world about them and to relate themselves to it constructively.

And yet the effect of such supervised endeavors is only as one to a thousand of the daily impact of the newspaper, the radio, the screen and the stage upon the minds and emotions of the people. And that is why the part of the press in such a matter as the improvement of inter-group relations is so important, just as it is in the fields of international relations, or in aiding our people to accommodate themselves to a new economy of potential plenty, or in making any of the myriad adjustments we need to make to keep up with a fast-changing world.

THE newspaper involves, in the same enterprise, the technique of factory mass production, the skills of efficient business management and the art of professional treatment of the stream of news and opinion. Newspapers are private in their ownership and public



George Fort Milton

in their obligations. Some newspapers turn themselves into money-making organs, foregoing their public duty to mirror life in an understanding way. Many others make an earnest effort to serve as trustees for the people.

Some editors base their publishing philosophy on the phrase: "We give the public what it wants." This they offer as the complete answer to all criticisms of unreflective headlines, harmful and twisted stories, sleazy comics and the rest of the catalog of newspaper sins. I mention these things now, and the usual defense given for them, in order to suggest that newspapers are not necessarily and inevitably the creatures of their publics, but that they themselves can have a vast formative effect upon "what the public wants." After all, the public gets what the newspaper gives it; it is trained to want that which it gets. The newspaper editor who defends himself by saying that he is a mere slave of public caprice, has often himself created the very public desire and demand that he deplores. More often than we like to admit, we are the architects of our own misfortunes.

The newspaper can treat news in a constructive way, just as it can in a sensational or destructive way. It can contribute to the inflammation of religious prejudice or racial hatreds. It can inflame the Ku Klux Klan, or a lynching mob or a religious riot. And then, on the other hand, by a different treatment of the materials involved over the course of years, it can minimize frictions, keep tensions from reaching a breaking point, and aid immeasurably in promoting that under-

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MORE and more the newspaper of the future will have to leave to radio the function of flashing the news while the newspaper—fortified by a staff of men "who can take the isolated event and set it into the constellation of significance, who can go from the fact to the truth behind it, who can tell the why as well as the how"—devotes itself to interpretation and the provision of backgrounds.

So spoke George Fort Milton, president and editor of the Chattanooga News, in addressing the Institute of Human Relations at Williamstown, Mass., last fall. His address was entitled "The Function of the Press." Because of the significance and prophetic nature of his remarks we asked permission to bring them to you through The Quill.

Mr. Milton became managing editor of the Chattanooga News in 1919 and its president and editor in 1924. He is the author of several biographies and has written extensively for the magazines in addition to his newspaper work.



Harold Gray

THE "Little Orphan Annie" of today, with her present stature, red dress and newspaper circulation, did not leap full-blown into a startled world. Her beginning goes back far beyond her first appearance in 1924.

All youngsters draw what they fondly believe are pictures. My parents encouraged me in this waste of time. Born in 1894 at Kankakee, Ill., I was a farmer till 1917, when I was graduated from Purdue University.

A week after graduation I was a cub reporter on the Chicago Tribune at \$15.00 a week. Then office boy and handy man in the Tribune art department at the same handsome salary, and glad to get it. Then the army—Armistice—back to the Tribune—free lance work—a studio on the side—1920 quit the Tribune as I could make four times as much free lancing. Also that year began five years as assistant to

I've Learned About

Little Orphan Annie's Creator Reveals Interesting Sidelights on Her Career

By HAROLD GRAY

Sidney Smith on the Gumps, the finest training any apprentice cartoonist could dream of.

ANNIE" was by no means my first attempt. Comic brain storms attacked me with increasing frequency and violence as 1924 approached, but Joseph Medill Patterson always seemed able to reduce any swelling of the ego and to suppress my many abortive lunges for fame and fortune, I am now glad to say.

I often think of the nights spent years ago with other young, and some not so young, sages of the art department; hours and hours spent solemnly explaining to one another just why Sid Smith or Bud Fisher, or any of a dozen lesser lights, had a successful cartoon. It was all quite simple. You took so much pathos, a jigger of gags, a pinch of continuity, and various amounts of this and that, put them all together and you had a sure-fire, ring-tailed, big-time comic strip. Yeah! It's a cinch to call them, after the race is over.

—But when Mr. Patterson finally weakened and allowed "Little Orphan

Annie" to appear in the pink edition of the New York News, I had no faith in her. I doubt if Mr. Patterson had much hope for her either, but for some reason she caught on.

In those first days she was "East Lynne," "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," and all the other favorites rolled into one and modernized. She was not a "comic." She didn't attempt to panic the public every day or send millions into hysterics with her game of wit. Life to her was deadly serious. She had to be hard to survive, and she meant to survive.

Life to hundreds of thousands of N. Y. News readers was also deadly serious. They too had

to be hard and they meant to survive. Perhaps "Annie" unwittingly at first touched a common chord. Any way she caught on.

I felt much as any other dub might feel who has been groping and stumbling around in the dark and suddenly discovers himself high in the air on a tight wire. I had to go forward. Certain characteristics of the strip seemed to be popular. The only sane course was to stick to that straight line, and avoid fancy steps, at least till I got my balance. I made my full share of blunders, and still do, but now I began to realize the value of what Sid Smith had taught me of the fundamentals of producing a comic strip. And I have never, fortunately, strayed beyond grabbing distance of that tight wire, that central theme of the strip, that "Annie" is just a simple orphan kid after all.

IT'S awfully easy to turn aside and go wandering down some interesting by-way, forgetting "Little Annie," for the moment, in the hot pursuit of what seems a more enticing theme. But any such excursions may prove most damaging, even if not fatal.

On the other hand, "Annie" alone, day after day, would soon pall terribly. So from time to time I have made a practice of violating the standing rule against editorializing, and have taken "Annie" or "Warbucks" or some other character, for a short, sharp raid into the forbidden land.

The "Annie" episodes for last summer are a case in point. "Warbucks" fought the labor racketeers (not honest labor, as I was careful to stress). He was set upon by fulminating demagogues and stupid but dangerous radicals. These elements were backed and egged on by crooked business rivals and "Warbucks" was overwhelmed. But he laughed it off and came out on top, in spite of all the destructive forces arrayed against him.

Well, I garnered the biggest stack of vituperative and viciously abusive



Comics From Her

mail you ever saw. The bulk of it came from the New York City metropolitan area and was frankly communistic and socialistic. Also the little labor union headquarters joined the anvil chorus. Evidently my few cracks about labor racketeers mulcting the honest workers had reached them on the raw. I was everything from an enemy of labor to a "pen prostitute."

As a matter of fact, and contrary to a report in *Time*, I was not told to cut out editorializing. I received no comment of any sort from my syndicate. I also read in *Time* that I lost a paper down in West Virginia. I know from my records that my list of papers jumped, carrying my royalty checks pleasantly higher, of course. And to counterbalance the blast from outraged radicals, I received a very encouraging hand from solid citizens throughout the country.

I retail all this to illustrate what can come of a short excursion down an alley. My pages, and hence my story, must be prepared ten weeks in advance of publication. Hence I can not rely on public reaction to guide "Annie's" daily course. I must guess in advance what the answer will be.

To have dragged out such a controversial episode would have given the professional protesters a chance to get set. So the natural course was to set the stage for several months and sneak up on the main story, then come into the open and drive through the real action within four weeks, and get cleanly out of the way and onto safe ground before the deluge.

ANNIE" appears daily and Sunday in over 200 of the leading papers of the United States and Canada. I agree with those who say editorializing in a comic strip is dangerous, for one can't please every one, even every editor. But fortunately I did count on Americanism outweighing wild-eyed radicalism in this country. The results were most gratifying.

I do not agree that a comic artist must be some sort of emasculated genie, with no right to violate "reader trust" by expressing conviction on any side of any important question.

An editor of an unimportant paper rightly may exercise his God-given right to bellow his convictions from his front page for the edification of his

few thousand subscribers. I feel I have the same privilege to express my sentiments to "Annie's" many millions of daily readers.

If the editor is wrong he loses his readers and his job. If I'm wrong I lose my readers and my job. The editor of a small paper has a lot less to lose than a comic artist turning out a successful strip.

Many small-time editors pay very little for the privilege of airing their views. "Annie" chipped in over \$17,000 last year in Federal and State income taxes for the right to raise her childish treble in defense of what she feels is fit and proper in this land of the free. So even the threat of a cancellation that would cost "Annie" \$4.25 a week, would hardly outweigh the acquisition of a handful of new papers—or still her voice in the sacred halls of state—at carefully spaced intervals, of course.

ANOTHER small matter, brought out by the episodes of the past summer. Floating on one morning's flood of public displeasure was a letter from some chap claiming to be a member of the American Newspaper Guild. I gathered from his missive that communists are the chosen people. He kindly assured me he didn't hate me for panning the Communists, but hated only my ignorance.

I admit complete ignorance of any use for the American Newspaper Guild. He says it was "formed to better the working conditions and salaries of its members." That's fine, but from my contacts with members of the Fourth Estate, a man who has what it takes doesn't need any Guild or Union, nor will he fail to collect every dime he is worth from a delighted and grateful public.

In short, I have always felt, even passing through the \$15 a week stage, that a man is worth just exactly what he can get. No Guild on earth can make a stupid reporter brilliant, or even capable and self-reliant. Any man in my profession who has to be propped up by a Guild should get into some other racket where the strain on his talents won't be so tough.

Well, at last, I got that out of my system. Now to answer

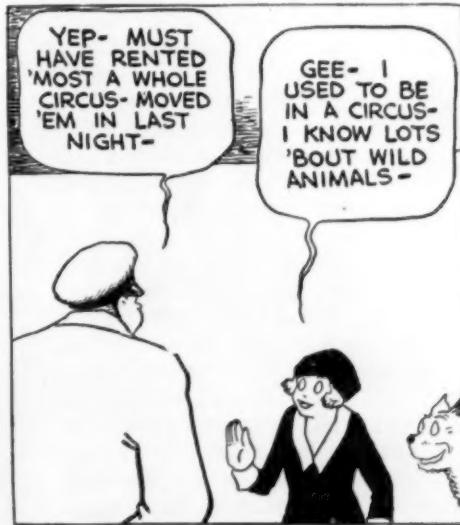
some of your direct questions. I plan continuity to run in episodes of varying lengths, always guarding against the "Happy Ending." "Annie" must go on. With the general story laid out roughly I try to bite off a chunk for each week, and lay out Sunday pages that will carry a complete story in themselves, for papers not using the dailies. Then the dailies must also carry a complete story for those using only the dailies. And the dailies and Sundays must synchronize for the papers using both.

Ideas are something else again. While variety of scene and action should of course be as varied as possible, there is always that tight wire to consider. "Annie" must never deviate very much from the straight course of the poor little orphan girl, with a heart of gold, but a wicked left.

MANY think she should grow up—and I suppose run me out of gas in a few short years. No. She'll stand still, while the kids who read her doings grow up and new ones arrive—I hope—to take their places in her audience.

And whatever else I may ever attempt to do with the strip, you may be sure it will always remain clean and decent. Right may get some awful tough beatings, but will always rise triumphant in the end. The world, even a kid's world, is no snap, filled only with music, laughter and sunshine, and I'll never portray it so.

"Annie" will continue to sell the idea that life is a battle, with victory for the brave and strong-hearted alone. Probably she'll never grasp complete victory, but she'll get a few tail-feathers now and then. And I hope a long-suffering public will continue to encourage her in her strivings—for at least another 50 years.



Such Are the Rewards of a

BEAVER VALLEY, OZARK HILLS, ARK. (Special). It has been reported recently that Harvard astronomers have discovered a window in our galaxy, the Milky Way, through which they can see the stars of another universe than ours swinging serenely in unknown seas of space. Such vision is the result of the special training and extension of human faculties.

As I walk alone along these old and quiet pathways, beside clear waters where trout move as shadows, under rock-ribbed cliffs that were carved long before mankind emerged from life in the caves, it seems to me that some pattern of life, some meaning perhaps hidden to others of more specialized walks, should emerge from reporting apparently isolated events for more than 30 years.

It would seem that where nature, of which we are such an intimate part, bearing in us the same elements that are in the stars, arranges her seasonal events in such vast variety and yet with one great symphonic sweep of action and sleep, that the human scene must bear some philosophic resemblance and analogy.

IT has occurred to me often as I go about my assignments year after year that I have heard and seen much of the same thing before, with different setting and actors, and that underneath the same invisible threads and impulsions must be at work that set the wild geese on their high southward flights these fall nights and start the chorus of tiny drums that I now hear in these ancient woods.

There is jubilee in this valley today because the sun is sending its quickening rays abroad, but under it all sounds a low, sad chorus as if the world of insects had news of impending cold and death. Soon the golden wings will be folded and the stuff of individual forms that have taken millions of years to develop will sink again into the invisible substance of the universe.

To the human wayfarer the sun-drenched miles give beauty and peace. The lark in the meadows, the homely call of the crow in the distant woods, the mild expression of the subjugated animals in the fields, the gentle song of the stream and the music of the winds flowing through the old, storm-beaten cedars and rustling in the gay dead leaves, call forth merely the God-like

From His Experiences and Contacts Come Education and Understanding

By PHILIP KINSLEY

HERE is one of the most remarkable articles The Quill has been privileged to present—both as to content and its style.

This is how it came to us. Philip Kinsley, ace reporter of the Chicago Tribune, was asked to address the annual convention of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, on the subject "The Press Today." About that time he took a vacation, journeying to the Ozark Mountains. There he began mulling over his task and then to jot down notes which he later assembled under the title "The Education of a Reporter." The address was the highlight of the convention. We sought and obtained permission to present it as an article—which we have done this month under a slight revision in title.

In it Mr. Kinsley, whose newspaper career began in 1903 and took him to the Tribune in 1918, shares some of the most interesting experiences of a brilliant career, treats of the responsibilities of a reporter, the opportunities for enlightenment that come to him and suggests the amazing stories that will be covered in the newspapers of tomorrow.

Illustrations by Henry Milan, Tribune Staff.

knowledge that spring will come again and that all things will be renewed. This one-dimensional blindness is looked upon as of little consequence in the greater pattern. Here is ceaseless change with the sureness of immortality of substance, a seasonal regrouping of elementary forces, world within world, world without end.

It would take a Fabre, a Beebe, a Muir, a Burroughs and a Thoreau to report adequately upon the doings of this valley for one of its millions of seasons, or for one day of all the years. No one can adequately report on the actions of the least segment of the human race, which moves in its own blindness under the vision of greater

telescopes and dimensions. The springs of murder and war go back to the struggles in sea and forest, the cave, the slum and rest in the labyrinth of the human mind. The pattern of one street scene would take a life time to explore. The politics of the moment has its setting a thousand years ago. The lines of today's action in Washington go back to the middle ages and beyond.

WE can have but brushing acquaintance with the truth. In each event that presents itself for statement and interpretation we cannot take time to read history, psychology, biology, anthropology and a dozen other special knowledges.

Our disciplines, our education as reporters must come in part through these very failures, through a reiteration of experiences, through the knowledge that we can never know the whole story. One solution to inadequate reporting is in the growing intelligence of readers. Those who read should have an appreciation for instance, of politics and be able to recognize ignorance, insincerity and special pleading when they see it. It



"As I walk along these quiet pathways . . ."

Reporter



Philip Kinsley

is rather absurd to blame war on one nation or on one man's whim or to see in the rise of dictatorships nothing more than the egotistical strutting of individuals.

THE most completely honest speech I have ever heard was given by William Allen White of our profession on the occasion of a business man's banquet. He looked over his own chaotic world, the fall of banks and men that had seemed impregnable, the new surging movements of humanity toward some dim goal of ease, the perplexing incidents of the depression years in his town, and asked:

"Where is the captain, the guiding rudder, the compass in these new seas?"

And his answer was: "I do not know."

Truth does not abide long on one place. It shines intermittently through the centuries in the linked fruit of men's thought. It does not lie in mass emotions but in individual enlightenment. It comes in flashes from higher worlds through our own established contacts. The greatest concept that has come to the human race since the theory of the geocentric universe is that which is found in the implications of relativity, or complementarity, as it is more recently termed. It has been part of my education as a reporter to study this subject. I have interviewed Einstein, Michelson, Compton, Millikan. They are the reporters here and we can only interpret them poorly.

We get some conception of a new

dimension applicable to human understanding, a something that links us with all flow and change in the physical world, that rests on thought and yet must admit a stability and reality beyond our perceptions. It makes each event unique. It requires complete tolerance and it reaches to the stars.

HERE is another scientific principle of the last ten years formulation that enters more and more into our necessary conception of life, and therefore requires coverage and understanding. It is called the principle of uncertainty or in determinism. One may decide, under a 19th century theory of determinism, not to blame anyone for anything, after the manner of Clarence Darrow, that we are the unique result of the same chemical forces that move the insect to stop in the middle of this road for a sun bath, heedless of the oncoming chariots of death. On this new basis of thought, however, one finds, reaching up from the electronic field, an area of choice and freedom given to each. It may be small but it is as important as an indication of the curvature of the earth. We are translated and moved through the ages by some sort of evolutionary choice.

I regard the Scopes evolution trial in Dayton, Tenn., as the most interesting and educational of all my assignments. This was a House of Wisdom for me. I lived again through the impact of the Darwinian hypothesis upon the mind that had conceived the human race as a center of a divine and passionate solicitude, as a special creation. I could see the gap between the wisdom of the few and the superstition of the many, what is called in social psychology, the cultural lag, reaching into many fields and threatening our advance and stability. About this time I interviewed Thomas C. Chamberlin, the grand old white-bearded geologist of the University of Chicago and got some inkling of his planetesimal theory of the origin of the earth.

"Bryan," I remember his saying, "is as blind as a bat. The story of the earth's age is written in the very rocks under his feet."



"The human race wanders in darkness. . ."

With the astronomers, the late Dr. Edwin Brant Frost, Dr. Otto Struve, his successor at Yerkes, William Duncan MacMillan, Philip Fox, and more remotely, Russell and Shapley, have been my most inspiring contacts. The university has broadened into the cosmos. I see the whirling nebulae, the explosion of novae carrying in its tremendous quiverings perhaps the birth of new worlds, and power from Arcturus used in the service of man. I see the unity of all things through the evidence of the spectroscope, travel among the rocks, deserts and mountains of the moon, find seas of ammonia on other planets and temperatures, densities and distances beyond comprehension. Dr. James H. Breasted and Prof. Fay Cooper-Cole have given me a new picture of man's life on this planet.

TOUCHING religion, I find myself in accord with the conclusions of Dr. Shailler Matthews, whom it has been part of my education to interview and read. He, too, faced the animal nature of man and the fact of the evolutionary process and after 50 years of meditation and contact with scientific thought defines God as "Our conception, born of social experience, of the personality-evolving and personally responsive elements of our cosmic environment with which we are organically related."

Great reporting of the future, it seems to me, is waiting in this field, for the underlying, unifying observations, capable of mathematical statement, that apply to electrons and other basic movements must also apply in some comprehensible way to a man's relation to the source of his energy and being. So long as the social order permits leisure and freedom to investigate and report we shall have new guiding lights on the way. When the state closes down or the church bars the way or life is consumed in wars and economic struggles we will lose the way again.

Today mankind is on the march again. It has some intimation of a kingdom of peace and plenty. There is a glut of events as there is a glut of undigested goods. Mere statements of a troop movement in Shanghai, the fall of a prime minister in Australia, the heckling of Ramsey MacDonald in a coal mining town, the discovery of coal beds in the Antarctic, cosmic ray reports, adventures into the stratosphere and the nucleus of the atom, should not be enough. We should be able to evaluate events better.

The rise of columnists is a slight indication of this need in the political field.

Newspapers reflect largely the ideas of the dominant social group. Naturally, then, reporting on social, political and economic events has its selective limitations. Whether the pendulum must swing backward again, whether we shall be able to express our inherent organic solidarity of interest, in government, depends to a large extent on the intelligence spread by the press.

The personality-evolving elements of the universe have tossed up some great figures upon the human scene. The most impressive figure that I have met walking this earth was not that of king or emperor. I have seen the King of England and the Emperor of Japan and it has seemed to me that the trappings surrounding them were the main show. One day, on a road in India, I met the poet Tagore. He looked like a prophet out of childhood Bible stories. He wore a long white robe with a garland of flowers around his neck. His hair and beard were long and white and beautiful. But his face was more beautiful. His words were words of wisdom and love. He had come out of his garden of peace to speak for the lowest of the low, the untouchables of that ancient land, where after 5,000 years of recorded history men are still divided in bitterness and intolerance. He seemed to me more significant than all these years. He had come as a humble disciple of another human figure, gaunt and ugly, yet radiant with a strange power, Ghandi, the mahatma of the depressed, who lay fasting in a prison courtyard nearby.

HUMANITY, through such manifestations, through the Eloquent Peasant of 2300 B. C., through Ikhnaton, Plato, Socrates, Confucius, Buddha, Jesus, Lincoln, Jane Addams, has always been in touch with what William James calls a wider self and has expressed it in many ways.

A reporter's education may be said to begin at the end or end at the beginning. Often I have felt as Henry Adams felt in front of the machinery of the World's Columbian exposition, a sense of inadequacy and ignorance that almost made him weep. All of life may be in each part of life, but it is given to few to see it.

I interviewed Henry Ford recently. He offered to show me around his museum and plant. I told him that machinery was my blind side, and he could not understand that. He said everybody understood machinery. As for himself, he thinks in the language of machines. Mechanical models are



Tagore . . .

to him what bits of composition are to the musician. He sees the striving thought emerging. But he, in turn, has his blind side, which is becoming steadily smaller.

I spent many hours with Huey Long and have made some attempt to understand the incredible hold that he had upon the people and the political machinery of Louisiana. His mind was as searching as an X-ray instrument, but he sought to correct social injustice by the ancient methods of the tyrant and by appeals to the lowest mass emotions, ignorance and ridicule, prejudice and superstition. It is only when we consider that all of man's recorded history is but a second in the geologic time clock that we can summon any appreciation of human prog-



" . . . the impact of the Darwinian thesis . . . "

ress. Prof. Shapley reminds us that the cockroach has survived 200,000,000 years of cosmic change and storm and keeps right on his efficient way. Mankind, he warns, must use what it knows or perish.

In my wanderings in search of information I have become familiar with university halls and with many quiet men at work there. I think that practically all our immediate problems are subject at least to great enlightenment if not solution in these cloistered places. The pity is that they are cloistered. Industry has taken over research in physics and chemistry and the results are made available to the people in a bewildering number of new things for material use. The same might be done in government of all sorts, and in social problems.

For it is in social affairs and controls that the next forward movement of the human race must be recorded. We seem to discern some slow advance through the balancing of extremist forces, but we cannot be sure until we use more of our available knowledge, spread it abroad through the press and make certain that intelligence is in power. There is no law of democratic progress. The old and the new struggle together for expression. The human race sometimes pauses, takes the wrong path, wanders in darkness for a thousand years, but always returns to the same goal. A thousand years are but a watch in the night, in this retrospect, and men and movements are symbols and types of "a dim splendor ever on before."

IN travel the reporter learns that the human race is much the same everywhere, that men are naturally friendly and desire peace and an opportunity to pursue their individual way to happiness. A newspaper picture of any country, made up of unusual happenings, as it must be in the nature of news, is always a distorted picture. The only remedy for that is a background of travel, wider reading, or better reporting. My education has included much of the Orient and the world that borders the Pacific, but I feel that Europe is something of a closed book to me because I have not studied it. London and Paris, yes, but Rumania, Poland, Russia, Italy are mere names which call forth certain sets of images and prejudices.

I might tell you of presidents, of playing cards with Harding in a back room in Ohio, while the "Ohio gang" was in the formative stage, probably all unconsciously to themselves; of sitting with Coolidge on the

[Concluded on page 16]

THE QUILL for January, 1936



Washington Post Photo
Raymond Clapper

AFTER 17 years of Washington corresponding, Raymond Clapper entered a new field just about a year ago—and now he thinks it's the most satisfying.

After 17 years of dictating bulletins via the telephone for *United Press* newspapers whose deadlines were falling due every minute, after 17 years of the straight-straight news writing required of a nonpartisan news service, Raymond Clapper took to writing a column—his "Between You and Me."

We were talking about it the other afternoon, Ray Clapper leaning away back in his swivel chair in the corner of the long city room of the *Washington Post*.

HE had taken off his horn-rimmed glasses, and he had his hands clasped in back of his head, the trick he has when he's at his ease. And for the purposes of the interview, I asked him what he'd found to be his most satisfying experience here in Washington. He didn't hesitate at all. He came back:

"This last year, this job of getting up a daily column."

A lot of newspapermen wonder about that. They dream of writing a column. These days, plenty of them try it. They run out of ideas. But Ray Clapper says there is always plenty of material in Washington with its teeming Federal activities.

What is so satisfying about a column?

"I feel that I'm getting more out of the news than ever before," he explained. "I'm not throwing away so much good material that would help to put an event in perspective."

"This is a chance to explain things

When a Reporter Turns Columnist—

By PETER F. KIHSS

and to get in some of the background that is behind every Washington happening and without which that happening can't be understood."

He grinned.

"Of course, there's personal vanity in it, too."

IN 17 years, Ray Clapper has rolled through every phase of the Washington correspondent's orbit, ranging from the cub days of running around to the minor bureaus to the spotlighted days of writing the lead political stories for the *United Press*, snapping bulletins into telephones after White House and NRA press conferences. For five years prior to joining the Washington *Post*, he was manager of the Washington bureau of the *United Press*.

He has had some of the best beats that, in an ever keener-competitioned town, are becoming increasingly rare. It was Washington contact that let him scoop the country on Senator Harding's nomination for President, as he encountered Senator Curtis, of Kansas, emerging from the famed smoke-filled room in Chicago where the Senatorial cabal had effected that nomination.

Clapper's clues to scoop-getting are few and common-sensible:

"1. Luck.

"2. Keeping in circulation.

"3. Studying up the situation so as to know what to expect—and when to get your hunches."

Of them all, perhaps, keeping in circulation is the most explanatory. You've got to get around. You've got to be seen. You've got to keep people knowing that you're looking for copy and for stories, and then they'll be waiting and willing to help you out.

Contacts, Clapper thinks, are important, and the boosting they get in the textbooks and journalistic courses is all to the good. But still a lot can be gotten just by keeping in circulation.

INCIDENTALLY, one of the things that he looks back upon with some satisfaction (and which he didn't mention in any interview) is his proving that honesty won't kill contacts. It's often said in cynical newspaper circles that you can print a straight honest-to-God story about a public man—but that then there won't be much use in going around to see that man afterwards.

Well . . .

Two years ago Clapper came out with an honest-to-God story that was detailed into a book. He called it "Racketeering in Washington."

In it he described at length the petty

[Concluded on page 17]

JUST as this issue of *The Quill* was going to press, word came to us from Washington that Raymond Clapper, subject of this biographical sketch-interview by Peter Kihss, had resigned from the *Washington Post* to join the Scripps-Howard organization in Washington as columnist and editorial adviser.

This change adds another interesting phase to a journalistic career already studded with accomplishment. Mr. Kihss brings Mr. Clapper's career up to the present, emphasizing the latter's reaction to his first year of column conducting.

Mr. Kihss, who has contributed to *The Quill* in the past, is a graduate of the Columbia School of Journalism where he was awarded a Pulitzer scholarship. He spent nearly a year in South American countries before returning home. He then became associated with the *Washington Post*.

PICTURE ON THE WIRE!



By GIDEON SEYMOUR

Associated Press News Photo Service

OUTSTANDING among the newspaper developments of 1935 was the inauguration of Wirephoto service—by which the newspapers associated in the venture spent a tremendous sum to obtain spot news pictures to illustrate spot news stories.

Gideon Seymour, who returned from a four-year assignment as an Associated Press foreign correspondent in South America, Africa and Australia at the end of 1934 just in time to have a part in the launching of Wirephoto, summarizes in the accompanying article the highlights of the new service's first year.

AP Photo
Gideon Seymour

If a group of newspapermen, sitting over their coffee after tonight's deadline, were to forecast the ten biggest news stories in 1936, the list would be either dull or lunatic.

When Associated Press newspapers, underwriting a nationwide Wirephoto circuit to carry pictures of events abreast of the news stories, sought to describe to readers a year ago the expected fruits of this seven-league journalistic stride, they confined themselves to the promise that when a president addressed congress, a hurricane swept Cuba, a heavyweight boxing champion was crowned or an inter-sectional football game made a gridiron of the nation, the story and the picture would ride the wires together into print.

The promise was based on a simple mathematical calculation: A photographic print, eight by ten inches, mounted on the sending cylinder of a Wirephoto machine, could be transmitted by wire in eight minutes to the 26 cities on the far-flung network. It took for granted the human element.

Wirephoto today has a year of achievement and experience behind it, but the thing that stands out in its first twelvemonth is not the machine.

The machinery, and the 10,000 miles of leased wire which pulsate with pictures in transit, are merely more efficient tools in the hands of the men who produce the pictures.

Wirephoto is essentially the drama

of the news picture business, on a broader, swifter stage, playing with more effect to a larger audience because it can bring them the news in pictures while it is news.

FOR those of us who work with Wirephotos the most crowded hours of 1935 were those from a Friday morning in August, when a flash from the top of the world brought to Associated Press newspapers the first word that Will Rogers and Wiley Post had crashed to their death near Point Barrow, to the time on Sunday night when the pictures of their stunning, tragic end began to move out of San Francisco by Wirephoto to the nation.

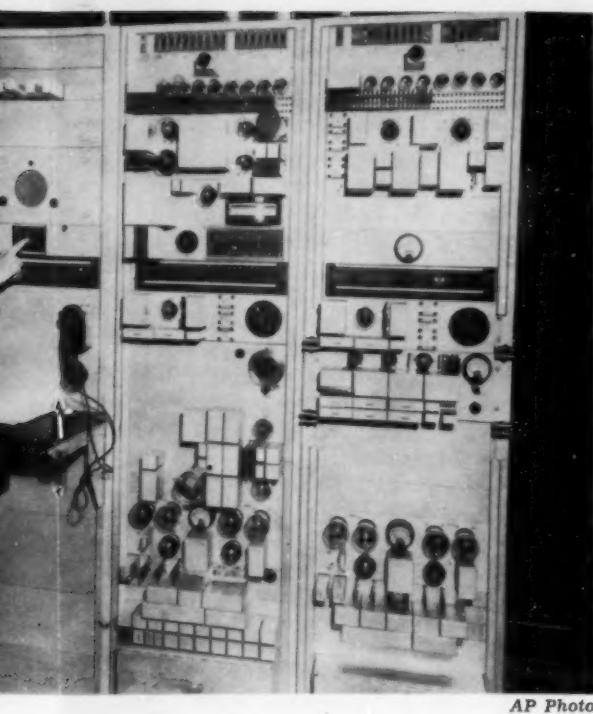
A medical missionary and the grizzled storekeeper of a trading post made the pictures with ordinary post-card-size cameras. The plane which brought the bodies of the pair from Point Barrow to Fairbanks brought the pictures that far, and three airplanes relayed them through what were surely the longest Saturday and Sunday in history down the Pacific seaboard to the Wirephoto machine in San Francisco.

It was 9:00 o'clock Sunday evening at Mills Field when the wheels of the last plane touched the ground after a three-hour flight from Seattle, and just one hour later the first picture of 16, showing the wrecked plane half-submerged in a lagoon on the frozen Alaskan tundra, began to move by Wirephoto.

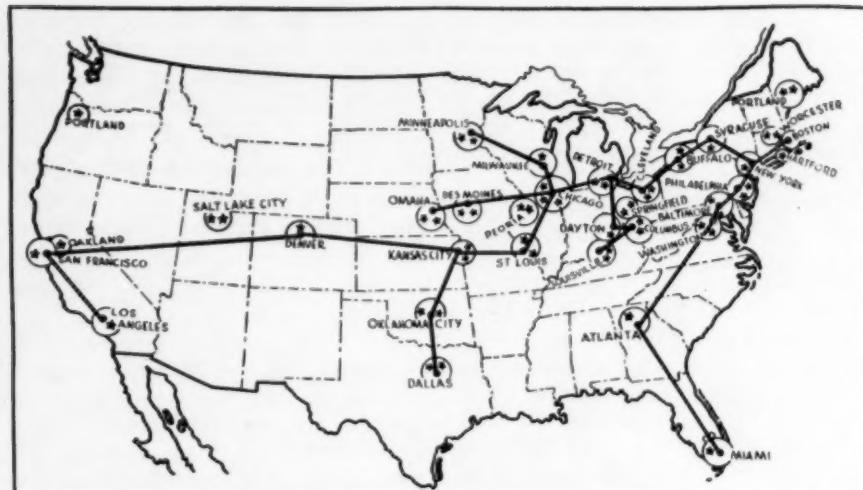


AP Photo
This is a Wirephoto receiving machine. A transmission has just been recorded on the cylinder being removed. The sending machine presents much the same appearance.

Wirephoto got credit for one of the greatest photo beats in newspaper history, but those of us who watched the precious cargo of three six-exposure rolls of film move down the map from the Arctic knew that one human failure at any step would have made the Wirephoto machinery an impotent mockery of the men behind the scenes—that if Dr. Henry Greist and Charles Brower had worked ineptly with their amateur cameras in the rain and mist around the wrecked plane, if Pilot Joe



AP Photo



AP Photo

This map shows the Wirephoto network. Each star is a participating newspaper. Two new stations—Louisville and Columbus—have been added since the service began January 1, 1935.

Here is a Wirephoto control board. At the left is the talking bay enabling any point to talk with the others. The bays in the center and at the right control the sending and receiving machines.

Crossen and his comrades had erred as they flew in clouds and darkness, if the darkroom men in the San Francisco news photo bureau of the Associated Press had made one slip in development of the negatives, there would have been no pictures, no beat.

The fastest service Wirephoto gave in 1935 was probably that on the World Series in Detroit in October. Navin Field is about two miles from the Wirephoto station. The picture had to be made, a messenger had to get from the photographers' box at the front of the upper deck of the grandstand to his motorcycle outside, had to make his way to the Wirephoto station through abnormal traffic. Negatives had to be developed, the best selected, a print made, captioned and mounted for transmission.

IT was 24 minutes, on the opening day of the series, and 21 minutes the second day, between the time the umpire called "Play ball!" and the time the first action picture of the game started over the Wirephoto network to 26 cities. Nor was the action picture merely of a man at bat—in each case it was a play which figured directly in the scoring.

It took the photographer at least 45 seconds to get the right picture; a liaison man consumed about two minutes getting the negatives from the photographers' stand to the motorcycle messenger outside, and the messenger was seven minutes getting to

the office. In the other 11 minutes the negatives were developed and from one a print was made, dried, captioned, mounted for transmission, and the sending machinery put into motion.

Eight minutes more to send the picture, 25 minutes to develop and make a print from the negative received at the other end of the wire, 35 minutes to make an engraving: Wirephoto newspapers could and did get onto the street in cities a thousand miles away with pictures of the game before the game itself was over.

ON the Baer-Braddock fight in the Madison Square Garden Bowl on Long Island, it was 34 minutes from the time the fight began to the time the first picture was moving on the wire. Twelve minutes of that was consumed by the motorcycle messenger who brought the undeveloped negatives from the photographer at the ringside to the Associated Press office and it's eight miles.

The time from the opening gong to the Wirephoto circuit on pictures of the Louis-Carnera bout at the Polo Grounds, New York, and the Louis-Baer fight at the Yankee Stadium was 35 and 37 minutes respectively. The best time on a football game was slightly less than 30 minutes.

We have learned that time can be standardized and predicted now, almost to the minute, but we have learned two things perhaps more important. One is that the speed of Wire-

photo transmission itself makes speed from ringside or diamond or gridiron to the Wirephoto more urgent, not less. The other is that the speed of Wirephoto is a dependable mechanical thing, and that the variable, the measure of good work or poor, is in the men who do the work.

With the speed which Wirephoto has made possible in transmission of a picture available at a sending station, rapid movement of pictures has been geared up in the Associated Press picture organization all around the world.

Thus quite incidentally it set a record in 1935, by delivering in cities throughout the United States by Wirephoto on Nov. 6 a picture of the Duke of Gloucester and his bride made in London just three hours and 47 minutes earlier, and delivered from London to New York by radio for Wirephoto transmission.

The Louisville Times was on the street at 11:30 a.m. with a picture made in London at 12:30 p.m. the same day; between Louisville and London there was, of course, a six-hour difference in time, but the picture had moved to it faster than the earth spins around the sun, despite the time consumed in London and in New York in preparing prints for radio and Wirephoto transmission.

ANOTHER record was set Nov. 18 in delivery to Wirephoto papers of a graphic picture of the entrance of Italian forces into Makale, Ethiopia,

just ten days earlier. To get the picture from deep in Ethiopia to New York involved the use of courier, motor car, ship, plane, radio. To get it from New York to Wirephoto newspapers over the country was a simple task: It took five minutes.

So much for speed.

Wirephoto has had other equally far-reaching influences upon news picture coverage in its 12 months of existence.

Because a picture can move rapidly, it gains in news value and therefore must be newsworthy to a degree never required of pictures before.

The finish of a Kentucky Derby in mud and rain and darkness must make a good news picture when it is to be delivered to scores of newspapers for use within two or three hours. When newspapers could not get the picture for use beside the story of the race, when they could not publish it until Monday morning anyway, it mattered less whether it was good or not; if it were not, they could do without it.

WIREPHOTO covered, each Saturday of the recent football season, some 30 major games from coast to coast. Newspapers content in other years with pictures of local football games wanted from Wirephoto pictures of a dozen big games for their Sunday morning sports sections.

More than that, they wanted pictures of vital plays, the touchdowns, the crucial pass or punt. It became a part of the day's work in a score of stadiums for photographers to work under conditions of light and weather which, only a season ago, would have been regarded as impossible.

Before Wirephoto a failure to get pictures, and the right pictures, on almost any football game would have disappointed only half a dozen newspapers; since Wirephoto it disappoints scores of newspapers, and had, therefore, to be avoided.

More sensitive photographic plates, longer lens cameras, new methods of developing have had to be employed—and there is no use pretending that the photographic problems thus raised have been solved, but there is a stronger impetus for their solution, one which is leading to advances in photographic equipment and technique beneficial to every newspaper in the land.

WIREPHOTO has increased, to an extent long since visible, the use of pictures to tell the news.

The circuit carries, from the time it opens each morning at 7 o'clock to the closing hour at 1 a. m. the next day,

approximately 40 general transmissions, recorded by every station on the network. It must deliver half of those on evening paper time, the other half on morning paper time. That means that day in and day out, on good news days or dull, pictures must be available at the various sending points around the country to give Wirephoto newspapers three pictures an hour, hour after hour.

It is not an easy task, on many days, to develop 40 worthwhile news pictures a day, and the challenge of the machine has compelled stimulation of new picture sources, new picture ideas, new forms of graphic newspaper art which will complement the printed word in telling the day's news.

In addition to the forty general transmissions the Wirephoto circuit carries daily an average of a dozen regional pictures, interesting perhaps to one, perhaps to a dozen, points on the network but lacking nationwide interest.

With all these new standards of picture coverage have come new responsibilities and therefore added zest for the task.

NOw that pictures are news, the "picture man" is becoming a figure of the past, soon to be as obsolete as the transom-climber of the dark ages of picture-gathering.

Taking his place is the news man trained to see news not only in terms of the printed word but in terms of pictures which, wherever available, can be delivered an hour from now instead of tomorrow.

The news picture field offers the greatest opportunity for young men in newspaper work today. They can learn for themselves that it is the field in which more pioneering is being done, more new frontiers explored, more opportunities offered for good news men, than in any other. It's more fun, any day, than the rim of a copy desk, or the press room of a police station—and it's news!

Headlines to Harmony

[Concluded from page 3]

standing and good-will which is such an essential lubricant for a complex society.

All this can be done too, without any abandonment of legitimate publishing profit. Making the interesting seem important is not necessarily the only money-making method; dividends can be paid on a paper based on making the important interesting, and there are many examples to show us that a newspaper can be both honorable, constructive and profitable.

FURTHERMORE, the shape and form of the present is operating to force newspapers to do a better, a more constructive and interpretative job. For example, radio today is able to give almost simultaneous publication to any spot news event that can be anticipated. Thus scheduled occurrences such as a national convention, the opening of Congress, a speech of the President, a broadcast of the Pope, can be put into the ether long before the great rotary presses can begin to turn. Trembling in the balance is the perfection of television and I suspect it will not be long until not only can one hear the scheduled event but also one can see with one's own eye what manner of man it is who speaks.

All these competitive devices and techniques are having and will have a

very significant impact upon the form of news in print. They will reduce newspaper zeal in being first on the streets, in having a "scoop." The new emphasis must be put upon the interpretation, the giving of the background and relation of the scheduled event to the whole system of news. Of course the newspaper will still have to be organized to give prompt and adequate spot-news coverage to events that are not scheduled in advance.

But in addition, and more importantly, it must gather a staff of men with X-ray eyes, who can see the deeper meaning of the news. No longer is it sufficient to present the mere surface of the stream of life. I do not mean a staff of cynics, nor one of dialecticians committed to some absolutist formula, nor of philosophers floating on a cloud. Rather the staffs must include participating observers, who know economics social problems, public psychology and historical backgrounds; men who can take the isolated event and set it into the constellation of its significance; who can go from the fact to the truth behind it, who can give the why as well as the how. This change, I think, is ahead of us. It promises a more intelligent, a more instructive, and certainly a much more constructive relation of the press to the major problems of our times.

LINES TO THE LANCERS

By J. GUNNAR BACK

CURRENT removal of some of the sting of the depression has been good news to the free lance writer who aims at the trade journals. A certain ratio between advertising space and editorial content must be maintained in

trade publications. Recent increases in lineage in the trade magazines has justified more editorial material.

From reliable sources this department has learned that trade journal editors are experiencing difficulty in meeting their increased needs. Writers who enter this field must have a certain aptitude and a good deal of diligence, but the market is accessible to the free lance writer who is willing to work painstakingly, on the assumption that volume sales and a ready market will net him, in the long run, a fair return for his time.

One cent a word seems to be the standard rate of payment, although in some instances it is a bit higher. Two thousand words is usually the maximum wanted; generally the story should have 1000 or 1500.

The trade journal editor wants, principally, accounts of SALES METHODS. Writing an article on standard sales practices is the deadly sin in trade journal writing says Norman Carlisle, a successful contributor, who has furnished these notes. Standard methods are too generally known to interest a trade publication's readers. The trade practice, or the slant on it, must be new or unique. Photographs are important. They are paid for at the rate of \$1 each, sometimes \$1.50. But they may sell a mediocre article, or an account of a trade practice not startlingly original. In number they should be about three. Do not spend much money in getting them.

Here is a typical procedure in getting the story. Find a business (or several) that, judging by its advertising and displays, is doing an outstanding job of selling. Query the editor. Querying is an essential step. Describe the merchandising being done.



J. Gunnar Back

Ask the editor whether he'd like to see a story. Point out that the sales method you want to write on can be adopted by other merchants.

If the editor replies favorably, he will tell you how many words and photographs he wants to see, and he'll probably tell you his rate of payment.

Then call on the manager of the business or department you want to write about. Tell him a magazine has asked for a story. Get as many facts as possible: names, figures, percentages, years in business, etc. Keep in mind that you want SALES METHODS and its results. Get more quotations than you'll need.

When you start writing, try to get a good title. Examples: *They Can't Walk Out, Tasting Is Believing*. Make at least 50 per cent of the article quotations. Write simply and directly.

Sometimes the editors may allow from six weeks to three months to pass before even acknowledging receipt of your manuscript. The delay usually means that the article has been accepted, otherwise it would have been returned promptly. Checks are usually issued on publication.

There are hundreds of publications in the trade journal field. Some of them aren't very reliable. But here are ten good markets confirmed by experience:

Electrical Dealer, 360 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago. Stanley A. Dennis, Editor. 1c on pub. about 60 days after acceptance. Articles to 2000 words.

Building Supply News, 59 E. Van Buren St., Chicago. John H. Van Deventer, Jr., Managing Editor. 1c pub. Shorts, and articles to 1500 words. Very active because of current boom in building trades.

American Painter and Decorator, 3713 Washington Ave., St. Louis. George Boardman Perry, Editor. 1c max. on pub. Photos \$2. Limit 1000 words.

Hardware World, 160 No. La Salle Street, Chicago. Henry E. Ashmun, Editor. \$10 for article of about 1000 words.

American Druggist, 572 Madison Avenue, New York City. Howard Stephenson, Editor. A flourishing Hearst publication, reported to pay two cents on acceptance.

The Music Trades, 113 W. 57th St., New York City. William J. Dougherty, Editor. 1c pub. 1000 words.

National Mortician, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Milton L. Samson, Editor. 1c up. A leader in its field, though comparatively new.

Furniture Record and Journal, Grand Rapids, Mich. R. G. Mackenzie, Associate Editor.

Furniture Age, 2225 Herndon St., Chicago. J. A. Gary, Editor. Usually 1c. Around 1500 words.

The Dairy World, 608 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago. 1c pub. Articles 1000 to 1500, photos and specimen advertisements.

Prize Contests

The Jewish Publication Society of America has announced the Edwin Wolf Award of \$2,500 for the best novel of Jewish interest submitted to the society at its Philadelphia office, Broad and Spring Garden streets, on or before April 15, 1936. Everyone is eligible for the competition. There are no restrictions as to the length or character of the work, provided it is a novel of Jewish interest in English. All manuscripts must be submitted with a nom de plume, the true name of the author to be attached in a sealed envelope. The winning manuscript becomes the property of the society upon announcement of the winner. The judges will be Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Fannie Hurst and Edwin Wolf, 2nd.

★

A prize of \$4,000 is offered by the Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown & Company for the best basal textbook or textbook series in the field of social studies for the senior high school. The term "social studies" is held by the publishers to include history, economics, civics, and sociology. Volumes coordinating two or more of these subjects would be acceptable. The judges will be: Dean James Bartlett Edmonson of the School of Education of the University of Michigan; Dr. W. W. Theisen, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Ellery Sedgwick, Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The competition closes on October 1, 1936.

★

Market Tips

NATURAL GAS MAGAZINE, 15 E. 8th St., Cincinnati, Ohio. H. J. Hoover, Editor. Issued monthly; 25 cents per copy; \$2.00 per year. This publication will consider purchase of illustrations or photographs either with customary cut-line descriptions or with 1000 to 2000 word articles on unusual, unique or attention-arresting sales plans, merchandising ideas and window displays of independent retail dealers in gas-burning appliances or cooperative selling campaigns by gas companies and dealers. The material must come from territory where natural gas or mixed-natural-and-manufactured gas is served; material originating in territory served by manufactured gas only is not acceptable. Prompt report on submitted material with ½-cent a word payment and illustrations, as published, at space rates.

★

Richard Davis, secretary of the Simda Publishing Co., sends the following announcement:

"We are now formulating plans—which are well under way—for the publishing of a new national humor magazine which will carry the stories and art of the country's outstanding humorists and artists. We feel, however, that there are many others who, while not yet on top, are on the way. It is this class of writers to whom we seek access and would welcome seeing some of their material."

"Please do not swamp us with a lot of junk, lop-eared rejects and unfunny stuff, as this wastes valuable time and clerical work on all sides. Our new publication is amply financed and sponsored by a group of outstanding national publishers."

"Please send material to Simda Publishing Corporation, Rolls Royce Building, 32 East 57th Street, N. Y., care of Richard Davis."

★

KING EDITORS' FEATURES, Established 1910. 14 Prospect Pl., East Orange, N. J. A. Rowden King, business manager. A. M. Martin, editor. H. L. Allen and Jerome De Wolfe, associated editors. Ernest Sennett, art editor. This syndicate wants practical articles, usually two to a dozen of 700 to 1,200 words each in a series relating to today's retailing methods in any of their many phases. Illustrated by line drawings if possible. Usually payment is made upon royalty basis. No jokes or poems.

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We only recently became a member of the National Editorial Association, but are now wondering why we didn't do so long before and how we managed to get along without the service you render your members.

F. GROVER BRITT,
Clinton (N. C.) *Independent*,
Elizabethtown (N. C.) *Journal*.

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Membership Dues \$5.00 per year

Seventy Years of service in behalf of America's country community newspapers has made Western Newspaper Union an outstanding journalistic institution. It was the first newspaper syndicate in the United States. It is today the largest institution of its kind in point of number of newspapers served, as well as in other ways. Its service is today more essential to country community newspaper success than ever before, and that service is superior to any it has ever before offered to newspapers.

• THE BOOK BEAT •

Memories of Harper's

I REMEMBER, by J. Henry Harper. 281 pp. \$3.00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Informal sketches of and incidents involving persons prominent in the realms of literature, art, politics, and the stage constitute the contents of these memoirs.

Mr. Harper is, of course, a member of the well known publishing firm of Harper and Brothers, which for so many years was located in Franklin Square, New York City. His book savors of the period before the firm moved to its present site on 33rd street, and covers approximately a half century of publishing activities.

Mr. Harper's material, he explains, "naturally falls into two main divisions." The first, entitled "Franklin Square," deals with the old establishment . . . and with the members of its executive, editorial, and literary staff." The second division, "A Portrait Gallery," is concerned "with the men and women, in their various vocations and professions, with whom I was on friendly and often intimate terms for over fifty years of my active life."

In his opening section, Mr. Harper reveals something of the atmosphere and methods of the Harper publishing house during the years when he was actively associated with it. In doing this, he recalls a great many individuals, connected with the concern, whose names are well known.

Henry Mills Alden, for 50 years editor of *Harper's Magazine*; William Dean Howells, conductor of "Editor's Easy Chair" in the magazine; Richard Harding Davis, at one time managing editor of *Harper's Weekly*; and George B. M. Harvey, editor of the weekly and in charge of the reorganization of the Harper firm, are some of those of whom Mr. Harper writes engagingly.

In his sketch of Mr. Harvey, Mr. Harper throws further light on the now famous break between Harvey and Woodrow Wilson. He relates how Mrs. Wilson wrote a letter, probably inspired if not actually dictated by Mr. Wilson, setting forth Mr. Wilson's gratitude for Harvey's assistance and regretting their later misunderstanding. The letter was to a Mrs. Ewing in Kentucky, who passed it on to "Marse Henry" Watterson, who in turn, transmitted it to Harvey. Mr. Harper describes Harvey's refusal to

be impressed by the letter or to change his mind on the subject.

The literary figures about whom Mr. Harper writes include such persons as Mark Twain, Bret Harte, General Lew Wallace (who submitted the manuscript of his now famous "Ben Hur" personally to Mr. Harper—an interesting incident described by the author), Thomas Hardy, Charles A. Dana, Henry James, and others.

In his chapters on art, the stage, and politics, persons equally prominent in their fields take their places in Mr. Harper's unfolding panorama of the years. Whistler, Sargent, Abbey, Remington, Innes, Booth, Barrett, and Terry are some of the galaxy in whose circles Mr. Harper was privileged to move and of whom he writes.

"Doubtless the familiar gibe will be flung at me—that I am now in my 'anecdote,'" the author writes whimsically in the opening part of his sketches. "But, after all," he continues by way of explanation of his purposes, "can there be a better thumbnail sketch of a man than the stories told about him? I do not pretend to be a psychoanalyst, seeking with mental scalpel and bistoury to dissect the secret processes of motive and character; mine is the humbler method of holding up the so-called mirror, thereby allowing the real man to speak for himself. . . . I like to talk about my friends because they were my friends; and, when I have had my little say, setting down naught in malice and wittingly violating no confidence, I trust that they may still continue to be my friends."

In such a spirit Mr. Harper has penned his memoirs and the result is a volume which will delight all of those interested in the more personal phases of the realms of his contacts.—JOHN E. DREWRY, Henry W. Grady School of Journalism, The University of Georgia.

Scribe at Large

MANHATTAN REPORTER, by Morris Markey. 320 pp. Dodge Publishing Co., New York. \$2.50.

There are at least three reasons why we believe the *New Yorker* is one of the best written, most readable magazines published. The three—"The Talk of the Town," "Profiles" and "A Reporter at Large."

Morris Markey, a newspaperman who went to New York in 1922, is the *New Yorker's* reporter at large. He may write about most anything from murder or lying-in hospitals to radio patrol cars or the appearance of Times Square in the wee small hours. It makes no difference what the topic, he makes it interesting.

He has the same faculty of dramatizing the commonplace that marks the works of Max Miller and characterized Ben Hetcht's "1001 Afternoons in Chicago." He gets behind the scenes. He asks questions that get at the heart of things—and gets the answers. His interests, he says, "concern the rush and sting of life, and the occasional tranquil backwaters that are inevitably produced by such a frantic stream."

He gets at the story behind the story, fills in the picture with details so frequently lacking in a news account. He's a good reporter, interpreter and commentator rolled into one.

"Manhattan Reporter" is a compilation of some of his stories from the *New Yorker*—stories that are not intended, he states in a foreword, to present "a composite portrait of the Metropolis nor a deliberate clue to its fabulously complex character." He labels them reports of "encounters with people and things and events which struck me as interesting and therefore worth setting down on paper."

And it's a grand job he has done of making these encounters interesting to others. It's a book any newspaperman or woman should enjoy—might even take some valuable tips from in the art of leads, titles, tag lines and general feature writing. Above all, don't miss "The Case of the Poisoned Bun."—R. L. P.

Publisher Lawson

VICTOR LAWSON, HIS TIME AND HIS WORK, by Charles H. Dennis, University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1935, 472 pp. \$4.

There has long been a legend in newspaper circles that the late Victor Lawson, builder of the Chicago *Daily News*, was a rather hard gentleman. He was supposed to have dealt niggardly with Eugene Field, to have resisted the demands of union labor to the last, and to have kept up a confidential correspondence with publishers all over the country to insure himself against overpaying his editorial help.

This legend is heavily damaged if not entirely destroyed in the new and able biography of Lawson by his managing editor, Charles H. Dennis. The biographer reveals his late chief not only as a super-efficient publisher but as a human being who could be kind

to his workers as well as generous to theological seminaries.

In the matter of Eugene Field, Mr. Dennis reveals that while Lawson hired the first of the columnists at \$50 per week, he remained on the Chicago *Daily News* under an increasing contract drawn by himself. At the time of his death this called for \$100 a week and Lawson canceled \$2340 which Field had drawn in advance. Under 1895 standards this was generous. Mr. Dennis reveals some Lawson-Field correspondence hitherto unpublished.

"Hard, intelligent work, not luck, was responsible for the success achieved by the young publisher," writes Mr. Dennis in describing Lawson's first years with the *Daily News*. The paper sold for a penny and there were so few pennies in Chicago at the time that Lason had to import them from the Philadelphia mint in 100,000 lots. He also induced stores to hold 99-cent sales to put pennies into circulation.

With the inclusion of many letters and personal recollections, Mr. Dennis traces the rise of the paper until its sale for \$13,671,704 in 1925. There are interesting accounts of Melville E. Stone, the organization of the *Associated Press*, the first newspaper straw votes, pioneer ventures in newspaper features and fiction, the standardizing of advertising rates, the Wellman dirigible ventures, Vanderbilt's "public be damned" interview and other incidents and episodes of newspaper history.

Mr. Dennis had full access to Lawson's letters and reproduces many which he received as well as scores which he wrote. Most amusing of the former is one from a young artist, identified only as a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity, asking for an increase in salary. The artist told Mr. Lawson about a growing pet airedale and argued that he would have to have a larger salary or a smaller dog and that it was too late to do anything about the latter. The raise was forthcoming. The letter is on page 396 and alone is worth the price of this notable volume.—TOM MAHONEY, the Buffalo *Times*.

Books and Authors

Here's the way Henry C. Beck, book editor of the Camden *Courier Post*, recently reported to his publishers, Dutton's, about his present writing activities:

"Tonight I am writing, the secret is spilled:

"I'm banging out 'Murder in the Newspaper Guild.'"

WANTED!

A national monthly magazine with a class appeal is anxious to receive applications from young men with some experience in soliciting advertising.

The magazine is more than 23 years old and is well financed. The management is interested in finding a young man with some experience and real selling ability and good personality to start on a salary soliciting display advertising.

Interested persons should send a complete application covering age, training and experience in this field. State kinds of advertising you have solicited, and outline dealings with agencies. Include a photograph or snapshot with your application.

It is desired that the person hired should live in or near Chicago at present, or be willing to make that city his residence.

Address applications to
THE PERSONNEL BUREAU
of Sigma Delta Chi

836 Exchange Avenue Chicago, Illinois
Attention of J. C. K.

"they'll KILL me"

And they did—sooner than he (Walter Liggett) expected.

"They'll kill me," the crusading editor told his close friend, Carl Beck, during a three-hour, clandestine talk—just a month before he was shot down.

And in the January issue of *The American Press*, Carl Beck recounts in vivid detail what Liggett told him, shedding new light on the dramatic circumstances of the editor's reckless defiance of the forces that finally censored him—with bullets.

This is one of the many interesting, interpretive features in the January issue.

One dollar will bring you *The American Press* for a full year.

THE AMERICAN PRESS
225 West 39th Street
New York City

Such Are the Rewards of a Reporter

[Continued from page 8]

front porch of the old farm house in Vermont or fishing in the Black Hills; of jaunting through South America with Hoover. Each was a product of his class and environment, Harding the small-town politician and editor, Coolidge the chip of New England granite; Hoover the business cosmopolitan overlaid on sturdy American soil.

One night as a very young reporter I was assigned to a banquet. Probably the office did not think much of the speaker or they would not have sent me. He was a tall, long-faced, eager man who thrilled me with his glimpses into mankind's social possibilities. Years afterward, as a reporter in San Francisco, I met him again on what was to him somewhat unfamiliar ground. He was then a candidate in the Democratic primaries for president. Once more, years later, I was sent into contact with him. He was then President Wilson setting out on

his last tour to arouse humanity to its own great needs.

I was with him that afternoon in Pueblo, Colo., when he made his last plea for a brotherhood of nations and a perpetual armistice. I saw him on his last walk and remember him in that sunset on a western prairie. If I had known then what was happening before my eyes I would have had one of the great stories of newspaper history.

ONE'S education includes, of course, contact with crime of all sorts, flaming sins that crash the front page, evil that seems to prosper year after year, stupidities that bloom like Burbank's everlasting flowers. Yet there remain Burbank himself and gentle old Thomas A. Edison. These men changed the face of nature for us. I have talked with them and I would rather remember them and what they signify than the crafty, murderous Capone, or the long string of killers and crooks that I have seen in courts and prisons. A hundred times I have sat with defendants and waited for that fateful knock on the jury room door and listened to the words—"We, the jury, find the defendant—." What shall it be—guilty or not guilty? In such a moment who knows what is on trial, the individual or the society that produced him? In these things we may merely record, not judge. We are all defendants, in one sense, before the jury of our times.

We must look upon death and tragedy in many forms, sharp social injustices, tremendous human wastes, the rise and fall of the human tide. We know merely that there is beauty and law in earth and beyond the earth, and we must search for it in the subject matter of our assignments. Our thoughts, we will find, are not new, merely the reassembled old. We may find that we are just beginning again where the Greek humanists left off. But we have new tools and discoveries to work with.

The last 50 years have brought so much of invention, discovery and knowledge regarding man and his universe that we have not had time to assimilate the new ideas. Here lies a unique opportunity for the reporter, one which emphasizes the need of all the so-called education that he can muster. Where human activities tend

to become more and more specialized it needs someone to look over the fence and see what is going on in the next yard and tell his neighbors about it. In scientific conventions, I have noticed, the terminology of specialists becomes so abstruse that one group does not know what the other is talking about. The reporter should have just enough education to understand and appreciate these groups, and yet not too much to become warped.

It would be impossible to draw a line here. People never know when they are insane or their judgment is bad. It is safe to say that we can never know enough. Our blind sides correspond with those of this insect and lower animal world.

In the course of 30 years I have probably written five million words about human affairs, living men and living problems. It may be mere rationalization for not having gone into something more important, but I cannot think of a greater responsibility than that of historian of current events. The words may be leaden or winged, but they certainly carry their reactions into future events of some sort. The ripples widen and touch far shores. I think that if I should meet De Lawd walking in some green pasture here that he would ask: "Did you tell the truth?" I might say, "Yes, Lawd, as I saw it," and he would say, "Go and learn some more."

Out of all this medley of good, bad and indifferent, I must conclude with John Burroughs in his "Sundown Papers" that the only fruit I can see is in fairer flowers, or a higher type of mind and life that follows in this world and to which our lives may contribute. This valley with its rocks and streams and trees seems eternal, but we know that it is constantly changing and shifting its component parts under major laws of cause and effect. The same is true of the human scene but where the mind enters this change may have a measure of direction. Beyond this we need not know.

EDSON R. WAITE, author of "Did You Ever Stop to Think," said to be the most widely circulated newspaper column in the world (it appeared in 500 daily and 2,500 weekly papers in every state in the union, Canada, Europe, Asia and South America) died Nov. 3 in a Shawnee, Okla., hospital. He was 60 years old.



JEAN PAUL KING (Washington '26) after five years of radio announcing in Chicago has been transferred to New York to announce the Clara, Lu and Em; House of Glass, Minute Mysteries, Ida Bailey Allen and other programs. He also is making recordings and sound films.

NEWSPAPER MEN AND STUDENTS OF JOURNALISM

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219 So. Fourth Street, Springfield, Illinois

WHO • WHAT • WHERE

FRANK E. GANNETT, publisher of the Gannett Newspapers, recently elected to national honorary membership in Sigma Delta Chi, was the principal speaker at Alfred University, Alfred, N. Y., Dec. 5 at the opening of the 100th Founders' Day celebration of the university.

★

PHIL S. HANNA (Illinois Associate), Chicago *Journal of Commerce* editor, was the principal speaker at the fall meeting of the Chicago Alumni Chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, Nov. 21 at the Bismarck Hotel.

★

CHARLES RYCKMAN (Nebraska Associate), editor, Fremont (Neb.) *Tribune*, is a patient in an Omaha hospital under observation of specialists. His ailment has not been diagnosed as yet though his condition has been pronounced not serious. Ryckman won the Pulitzer editorial prize in 1931.

★

VOLTA TORREY (Nebraska '26), former Sunday magazine editor and later night editor of the Omaha (Neb.) *World-Herald*, and lately desk man on the day side, left to join the desk staff of the New York *Herald Tribune*, Dec. 1.

★

For "distinguished public service" JAMES WRIGHT BROWN (National Honorary), publisher of *Editor & Publisher* for 23 years, has been awarded the medal of honor of the Missouri School of Journalism. The award was announced last May, but not presented until Nov. 22 when Mr. Brown was in Columbia, Mo., to arrange for a permanent memorial to the late Dr. Walter Williams, president of the university and dean of the Missouri school of journalism from the time of its founding in 1908 until his recent death.

★

THOMAS F. BARNHART (Washington '28), associate professor of journalism at the University of Minnesota, former assistant manager of the Washington Press association, will have complete charge of the 1936 Washington Newspaper Institute program Jan. 23-25 at Seattle. "More News, More 'Subs,' More Ads" has been chosen by Prof. Barnhart as the theme of the meeting.

★

DAVID RAINS (Northwestern '35) is editor of the magazine and all hotel literature of *The Greenbrier*, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

★

ALEX TREGONE (Georgia '34) has been appointed news editor of the Marietta (Ga.) *News*.

★

FRED FULLER SHEDD (National Honorary, 1930), editor, Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, was the principal speaker at a joint dinner meeting of the Temple University and Philadelphia alumni chapters of Sigma Delta Chi, at Temple, Nov. 21. C. H. HEINTZLEMAN (Temple Associate),

editor of the Coatesville (Pa.) *Record*, also spoke.

★

LESTER F. SHULER (Kansas '30), former circulation manager of Capper Publications, is now circulation manager of *Child Life* magazine, 536 South Clark Street, Chicago.

★

BAGDASAR K. BAGHDIGIAN (Kansas State '16) is the author of "The Forgotten Purpose," a paper bound volume of nearly 100 pages, which sets forth the view that the Holy Bible was written with the specific object "of revealing to man" says a review in the *New Age*, "the plan of redemption of his earthly body, thus permitting him to realize eternal life here

and now." The book, priced at \$1 a copy, is published by Dwellers in the Domain, Box 4601, Station E, Kansas City, Mo.

★

CHARLES MACINNIS (Wisconsin '22) is faculty adviser to the staff of the well printed, well written and prosperous looking *West Junior Courier* published by the West Junior High School of Binghamton, N. Y.

★

After serving as Southwestern Division sports editor of the Associated Press at Kansas City, Missouri, for four and one-half years, CHARLES GRUMICH (Missouri Associate) was transferred in August to the New York office as sports editor of the *Associated Press* feature service.

Reporter Turns Columnist

[Concluded from page 9]

peccadilloes of the prominent, in addition to the more serious wastes in Government departments, pensions, and bureaucracy. And among the petty grafts he struck specifically and most barbedly at those indulged in by the Senators and Representatives who put aged father-in-laws on clerical pay rolls, paying them swollen salaries while underpaid stenographers actually did the work.

He didn't spare names. He named among the nepotists such men as Jack Garner, then Speaker, who had his son back home in Texas on a Washington pay roll. He named Joe Robinson, majority leader of the Senate. He named Republican notables just as freely, hitting hardest at Reed Smoot, then a holy of the holies.

Was he ostracized?

I wondered about that, and some days before I went about the formal business of a *QUILL* interview, I asked him. He laughed. It hadn't hurt at all. The stories came just as freely.

"I got my material from Government records," he explained. I asked the men themselves about the data, and they told it to me. A lot of them volunteered information."

He was disappointed in the results. Nepotism, wasteful bureaucracy, the leakages of the taxpayers' funds are still going on. Some of the wasters are gone. Clapper's book and his *United Press* stories helped speed them on their way. The number of relatives on House pay rolls decreased. But other wasters, other nepotists, other petty chiselers replaced the ones of whom he wrote.

Washington correspondence has

been an education to Ray Clapper, and he's glad he made the choice. He came to Washington to realize a dream. It came about in routine. He arrived as men are still arriving. He hailed from the corn country, in Kansas, where his dad was a farmer, and he worked for the *Kansas City Star* and then for the *United Press* in the Middle West. He applied for a transfer to Washington. He got it.

What do you have to have to become a Washington correspondent?

The same thing, he says, that a good reporter needs anywhere else—principally a pair of good legs. Something more, too—an interest in public affairs, a knowledge of history which is the only thing that can explain some of the really big news of Washington, this new Canadian trade agreement, for instance.

As a columnist, he hasn't forgotten to be a reporter. Ray Clapper still goes out on the street; he heads his paper's national news bureau, detailing the men to their assignments; he keeps in what he calls circulation.

And he's still studying. Some of the things he uses in his column to set a perspective reveal a range of the most catholic—Gibbons's "Decline and Fall of Rome" he quoted one day not so long ago.

It all combines into a result of freshness and comprehensibility that makes Clapper two things:

1. A newspaperman's columnist.
2. A man who feels he's doing an interpreting job that is becoming increasingly necessary as time titanizes Washington's activities.

Or, briefly—a happy man.

AS WE VIEW IT

The Lindbergh "Exile"

WHETHER Col. Lindbergh, his wife and son Jon have gone into permanent "exile" abroad or their stay there will terminate in the spring appears to be a matter of conjecture and dispute.

One version has it they have fled American shores indefinitely for security, peace of mind and privacy denied them in the United States. Another is that they went abroad to remain until after the execution of Bruno Richard Hauptmann for the kidnaping and death of their first son.

The fact remains they have gone and there is good reason to believe that certain portions of the American press have been in great measure if not principally responsible for their going.

THE specific newspaper act singled out as the final reason for the Lindbergh's decision to leave America was the "stealing" of a picture of their second son, Jon, and the manner in which that journalistic feat was accomplished.

The picture was taken by Richard "Dick" Sarno, staff photographer of the New York *Daily Mirror*, *Editor & Publisher* states, and for his accomplishment Photographer Sarno was given a \$100 bonus. Something over a year ago he received a \$50 bonus for successfully obtaining the first photograph of the second Lindbergh child after two weeks of watchful waiting.

The *Mirror* is William Randolph Hearst's tabloid in New York City. The photograph was copyrighted and distributed by International News.

In Lauren D. Lyman's exclusive story in the New York *Times* it was charged that as Jon Lindbergh was being taken by automobile from his school to his home, a large car containing several men came close alongside and crowded the car containing the child, his teacher and his mother to the curb, forcing it to stop.

"Men jumped down. A teacher accompanying the little child clutched him tightly. Suddenly cameras were thrust into the child's face and clicked. Then the visitors jumped into their machine and sped away, leaving a badly frightened teacher and little boy. Since then Jon had not been to school," reported the *Times*.

This report has been denied, with the assertion that Sarno waited until the Lindbergh car approached a sharp "U" turn, then had his driver pull alongside as the car slowed to make the turn, and snapped the picture without getting out of his car or forcing the Lindbergh car to stop.

WHY quibble? No one is denying the picture was taken, regardless of the manner in which it may have been done. Certainly the Lindberghs had no desire for the picture to be taken. Again and again they have asked that no pictures be taken, that they be permitted to go their way unmolested.

After what happened to their first child—after the ordeal through which the pair and their relatives passed so recently it seems they were entitled to at least a little consideration, that they be given the privacy they desired.

Not so. Some one ordered the picture of Jon taken.

Cameraman Sarno obeyed orders—whether he relished the idea or not—delivered the picture and was given his reward.

THE taking of that picture of Jon Lindbergh was a flagrant example of invasion of privacy. It is just one of many such examples—in the majority

of which photographers have been responsible. Time and time again photographers have invaded graveyards, courtrooms, private or semi-private gatherings, stuck their cameras in the faces of unwilling subjects and let go.

Smashed cameras and smashed jaws have increased rather than decreased the boldness of the boys behind the lenses. Meanwhile the tide of resentment against them, their methods and the newspapers back of them has been mounting steadily.

We have a feeling that the stealing of photographs—of which Jon Lindbergh is only one of countless scores of victims—is one of those journalistic habits that are going to cause newspapers increasing difficulties in the future.

It is such practices that encourage public approval of curbs and licenses upon the press. The time may come when the newspapers of America, like those of other countries, will need the wholehearted support of the American people in a fight for press freedom from government censorship, licensing and control. The growth of that support is not fostered by stealing pictures of babies.

How soon are we in journalism going to learn there is such a thing in the United States as personal liberty as well as a freedom of the press? That freedom of the press does not mean license but may bring licensing if abused?

Rewards of a Reporter

THE rewards and opportunities of a reporter are many. They, as someone has so aptly put it, are enabled to live more lives than their own. Certainly they are afforded contacts and experiences—relations with the great and near great—that are denied to most of their fellow men.

An individual's life, his viewpoints and his knowledge are influenced to a marked degree by those with whom he associates and meets from day to day. Sometimes the matter of a few minutes' conversation or advice, word of encouragement or kindly criticism, may change the entire course of a life.

To meet some men—and some women—even for a few fleeting moments, is to receive from them a glow, an insight or inspiration, a shaft of light that illuminates pathways into the future.

This is forcefully illustrated in the remarks of Philip Kinsley, of the Chicago *Tribune*, in *THE QUILL* this month. He relates how his interviews with gifted men of science and other fields during his 30 years of reporting have given him something no one can take away, how they have added to his education, enriched his life.

Another reporter, looking upon his assignments as something to be gotten rid of as quickly as possible, might have gained little or nothing from the same assignments and interviews.

AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

Farming, which goes to 1,150,000 families—by Frank W. McDonough, associate editor of *Better Homes & Gardens* and an associate editor of *THE QUILL*.

The consulting typographer on Hainline's staff is Douglas C. McMurtrie, nationally known type designer, typographer and writer. Leslie Baridon, lettering and layout man on Hainline's staff is the man who did the actual lettering on the cover.

We think they did a swell job and hope you do also. All right now, you boys out there in Des Moines, take your bow. And we'll ask Wally Hainline to make a personal appearance in the column.

WHEN we asked Harold Gray to tell us and you something about one of our favorite newspaper comics, "Little Orphan Annie," we had a feeling we'd get something good, provided that he would tackle the assignment.

Replying that he had full realization of his limitations in so far as writing was concerned, Harold Gray sent his replies to our queries in letter form. All we had to do was to take off the opening paragraph and there was the article we present this month. And we feel sure you will find his remarks interesting.

Something of the same thing happened several years ago when we asked Max Miller to tell *QUILL* readers how he went about carving himself a writing career. Max wrote back a long letter in which he detailed a lot of good reasons why he wasn't fitted to write such an article—that he didn't follow any rule and violated most of the others, etc.

Well, he had written in his letter just the things we wanted to know about his work and pass on to you. So we asked and received his permission to print the letter as an article under the title "After I Covered the Waterfront." If you read it, we know that you remember it as one of the best articles ever to appear in the magazine.

TRUTH is both stranger and stronger than fiction. That is demonstrated daily in the flow of items from the wires, across the copy desks and into the newspapers of the nation. The only rub is that if a fiction writer employed some of the facts he read he'd be accused of laying on a bit too thick.

Be that as it may, it seems to this department that there's plenty of story material in the news of the day. Here's a sample, taken from the Associated

Press report, that we believe illustrates the point.

San Diego, Calif., Dec. 13—(A.P.)—A plucky youth—Gordon Smith, 20 years old, wireless operator of the tuna fishing boat San Lucas!

He sat at his transmitter for three hours after his right hand was crushed in refrigerating machinery yesterday aboard the ship, 250 miles at sea, and apologized:

"Excuse the bum sending. I just got my fingers taken off and I never sent with my left hand before."

Notified of the accident, a Coast Guard plane picked him up and Lieut. L. C. Carson, naval medical officer, amputated four fingers, without an anesthetic, aboard the plane.

At the airport a stretcher was in readiness.

"What's this for?" Smith asked. "I'm all right." He walked to an ambulance.

Stout fellow, that, and perhaps the basis or part of a swell yarn for some magazine.

DOROTHY DUCAS and ELIZABETH GORDON, New York newspaperwomen, are syndicating a new feature, "Designed for Living," dealing with every aspect of better living; how to prevent deterioration in old houses, how to improve operations in new homes, how to keep houses abreast of the times. Their office is at 370 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

1936—

What Will It Bring to You?

There is little it will bring you unless you take steps to find what you seek—advancement or employment.

Few men lack ambition to advance—to better themselves and likewise their incomes. Being proficient, however, is only part of the story in this day of flooded employment marts.

Many capable men, actually having outgrown their present jobs, fail to advance because of the oversight of the proper contact which will put them immediately and constantly in touch with employers who know where to look for "the right man."

Members of Sigma Delta Chi have at their disposal a means of solving this problem. The records of The Personnel Bureau show conclusively that it is being of substantial service to many members—that it could help more members to advancement IF those members would file their records with the Bureau.

Don't wait until you are out of a job—that may be sooner than you anticipate. Start 1936 right and send today for registration with The Personnel Bureau—YOUR placement service. The cost is only \$1 for three years.

PERSONNEL BUREAU of Sigma Delta Chi

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If You Seek
A NEWSPAPER JOB

in any department

**EDITORIAL « ADVERTISING
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1. Three 40-word "situation" ads in **EDITOR & PUBLISHER**.
2. A 3-month subscription, or extension, to **EDITOR & PUBLISHER**.
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DRAFT

an ad now if you seek a newspaper connection, and send it to us with \$5.00 check or money order, to cover all the above services. A registration blank will then be sent to you. A reasonable additional percentage charge will be made when and if a position is secured through our services.

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